A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with mee:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not vse to iest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, begge, starue, dye in the streets,
For by my soule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall euer doe thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne. *Exit*

*Iuliet.* Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

*Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

*Iuliet.* O God. O *Nurse*, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth: comfort me, counsaile me:
A lacke, a lacke, that heauen should practice stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What saist thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort *Nurse*, (nothing,

*Nur.* Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be my stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
*Romeos* a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye





As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him.

*Iu.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nur.* And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.

*Iu.* Amen.

*Nur.* What?

*Iu.* Well, thou hast comforted me maruailous much,
Goe in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeasde my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

*Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done. *Exit.*

*Iu.* Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praisde him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die. *Exit.*

*Enter* Frier *and Countie* Paris.

*Fri.* On Thursday sir, the time is very short.

*Pa.* My father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

*Fri.* You say you doe not know the Ladies mind:
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

*Pa.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome hasts our marriage,
To stoppe the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.